HERMA CLARK'S

VEGETABLE

UNIVERSAL

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

All good wishes!

Hermia Clark

("Martha Freeman Eastman")

Sept. 4

1946

E. LANDSEER J. SARTAIN

THE SPANIEL.

compiled by HERMA CLARK

author of "WHEN CHICAGO WAS YOUNG"

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OF ANNUALS.

By

Herma Clark.

More than a hundred years ago, the first "annual" appeared in England. To Rudolf Ackerman, London publisher, is attributed the idea, though Black, a contemporary of Ackerman, is given credit by one English reviewer for issuing the first of these gift-books for the Christmas trade.

The annuals flourished in England in the Eighteen-twenties and Eighteen-thirties, and all bore sentimental titles. "The Forget-Me-Not," "The Amulet," "The Bijou," "The Amaranth," "The Literary Souvenir," "The Keepsake" . . . these were some of the names chosen by the publishers.

The dress of the Christmas annuals was gorgeous—often red or green leather binding, with much scroll-work in gold. Usually the books were illustrated with steel engravings; sometimes woodcuts were used, particularly in picturing figures in the fables which abounded in some of the gift-books.

American publishers did not begin to put out this sort of literature until England was beginning to tire of it. Writing in Littell's "Living Age," in 1844, of an American Annual, called "The Gift," a reviewer says: "Annuals, which have had their day with us, are commencing it with them" (Americans). It was in this annual, "The Gift," that Edgar Allen Poe's "The Purloined Letter"

appeared. N. P. Willis, popular American poet, now forgotten, contributed what the English critic called "a clever tale," while Longfellow was represented by a poem, "A Gleam of Sunshine."

Summing up, the reviewer says: "The illustrations are good, but imitative," and of the entire volume: "What we desire, is originality; something purely American, not European."

The English annuals often contained the work of Mrs. Hemans, and of Keats and Shelley. Coleridge's "Youth and Age" was first published in "The Literary Souvenir" of 1829.

None of these English gift-books ever met my eye, and it was only a few months ago that I first saw an American annual. Idly turning over second-hand books in a Chicago book-store one day, I chanced on "The Rosebud," and at once exchanged my coin for the red Morocco-bound volume.

Its contents fascinated me—moral observations, anecdotes of the great, sentimental poetry—a bewildering miscellany. The name of the compiler is not given. No names are attached to the contributions, though one recognizes quotations from Shakespeare, the only well-known author represented, apparently; at least, lines from the Shakespeare plays were the only ones I knew.

The publishers of "The Rosebud" are given as Leavitt & Allen, New York, but no date is found on the title-page. Hazarding a guess, one might assign it to 1845.

Reading "The Rosebud," a task which its fine print renders somewhat formidable, the desire grew upon me to offer the public a revival of the old annual—miscellany which those who love Victorian days and ways might cherish.

So here it is, "gentle reader and still more gentle purchaser." The little book is called "The Keepsake," because that word is so deliciously Victorian. "Keepsake" is defined by Webster as "a token of friendship"—delightful sentiment!

The moral paragraphs are taken, in the main, from "The Rosebud." McGuffey's Readers suggested other material. Goodrich's Fifth Reader (Morton & Griswold, Louisville, Kentucky, 1847), out of which my own mother read in private school in Princeton, Illinois, in the Fifties, was another collection consulted.

"The Jest Book," from the library of the late John Grant, father of Miss Helen Grant, of Chicago, seemed promising, but was found not to be very funny, even though it was edited by Mark Lemon, famous founder and editor of London "Punch." One item . . . "Epigram on Butler's Monument". . . comes from that collection. "The Mother's Assistant" was loaned by Miss Constance Bergendahl.

In Harper's Monthly Magazine for 1855 were found epigrams and literary curiosities; as, "A Cheating Poem," which ostensibly praises matrimony, but which reveals the real sentiments of the writer when the third line is read after the first; followed by the second and fourth lines.

Mrs. Gilbert Lock loaned an annual from which the "Presentation" page was reproduced.

Ann Taylor's "The Notorious Glutton" could not have been omitted. Sydney Smith's warning to America to keep out of war was so timely, though written in 1820, that I could not resist putting it in. Southey's "After Blenheim" is for today.

"THE VICTORIAN KEEPSAKE" has every characteristic that the present-day critic would loathe. It moralizes, is flowery, nationalistic, pious. And it is "full of sugar" . . . that is, it is frightfully sentimental.

In a word, it is "A VICTORIAN KEEPSAKE."

MAKING RESOLUTIONS.

NEVER form a resolution that is not a good one; and when once it is formed, never break it. If you form a resolution and then break it, you set yourself a bad example and you are very likely to follow it.

A person may get the habit of breaking his resolutions; this is as bad for the character and mind as an incurable disease to the body. No person can become great, but by keeping his resolutions; no person ever escaped contempt who could not keep them.

EPIGRAM.

On Butler's Monument.

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.

(*From* "THE JEST-BOOK," *MacMillan & Company, London, 1879*).

INGRATITUDE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho, etc.

SHAKESPEARE (*As You Like It. Act II. Sc. 7*)

SPEAK NOT OF YOURSELF.

BE PARTICULARLY careful not to speak of yourself, if you can help it. The less you say of yourself, the more the world will give you credit for. Whatever perfections you may have, be assured people will find them out; but whether they do or not, nobody will take them upon your own word.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY READING THE BIBLE.

O, thus let every hour of life afford
  Deeds worthy for your conscience to record;
Duties performed, time zealously employed,
  Talents improved and happiness enjoyed;
Errors corrected, sins and failings mourned,
  Blessings received and grateful praise returned.

MODESTY.

Modesty is a humble opinion of our own merits, when compared with those of others. So refined a compliment to the superiority of those with whom we converse cannot fail of prepossessing them in our favor and conciliating them to our own interests. The wise author and governor of Nature has implanted a love of modesty in the breast of everyone, that its opposite vices, presumption and affectation, may be checked by universal reprobation.

But however amiable modesty may appear in men, it is the peculiar ornament of the fair sex, and is essential to the beauty of every other accomplishment. While modesty remains, the most homely form has a beauty, and when this beauty is lost, the finest form only reminds us that it is impossible for a woman to be amiable without it.

A CHEATING POEM.

In a rather anti-connubial vein is the following poem, written by a distressed husband, who cheated his wife, in uniting the praises of matrimony, by so arranging the lines that, to get at the sentiment of the writer, we must alternate them, reading the first and third, and then the second and fourth:

"That man must lead a happy life,
Who is directed by a wife;
Who's freed from matrimonial claims
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace
Till he beheld a woman's face;
When Eve was given for a mate
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female race appear
Truth, darling of a heart sincere;
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride
In woman never did reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The worth in woman we behold?
The failings that in woman dwell
Are almost imperceptible.

Confusion take the men, I say,
Who no regard to women pay.
Who make the women their delight,
Keep always reason in their sight."

GENERAL WOLFE AT QUEBEC.

Washington Irving, in his "Life of Washington," speaking of the expedition of General Wolfe against Quebec, says that Wolfe was seeking to wipe out the fancied disgrace incurred at the Falls of Montmorency. It was in this mood he is said to have composed and sung at his evening mess that little campaigning song still linked with his name:

"Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business 'tis to die."

Even when embarked in his midnight enterprise, the presentiment of death seems to have cast its shadow over him. A midshipman who was present used to relate that, as Wolfe sat among his officers and the boats glided down silently in the current, he recited in low and touching tones "Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard," then just published. One stanza may especially have accorded with his melancholy mood:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour . . .
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Now, gentlemen," said he, when he had finished, "I would rather be the author of that poem, than take Quebec."

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. (*1855*)

EPIGRAMMATIC EPITAPH.

Was ever an inscription placed on a tombstone which was more epigrammatical and expressive of intense regret than this:

"O, Memory, thou lingering murmurer
Within Joy's broken shell,
Why have I not, in losing all I loved,
Lost thee, as well?"

EPIGRAMS.

Of making epigrams there is no end. Perhaps Dr. Philip Doddridge's epigram on the ancient motto: "Dum vivimus vivamus" is one of the perfect ones:

"Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasure of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my life let both united be!
I live in pleasure, while I live to Thee!"

And here is one translated from the Persian by Sir Williams Jones. It is worthy of reading many times:

"On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping, thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep."

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. (*1855*)

Ena by W. Warner

THE LOST ONE FOUND.

RULES
FOR CONVERSATION.

That conversation may answer the ends for which it is designed, the parties who are to join in it must come together with a determined resolution to please and be pleased. As the end of conversation is either to amuse or instruct the company, or to receive benefit from it, you should not be eager to interrupt others, or uneasy at being yourself interrupted.

Give everyone leave to speak in his turn, hear with patience and answer with precision. Inattention is ill manners; it shows contempt and contempt is never forgotten.

Trouble not the company with your own private concerns. Yours are as little to them as theirs are to you. Contrive, but with dexterity and propriety, that each person shall have an opportunity of discoursing on the subject with which he is best acquainted; thus, he will be pleased and yo will be informed. When the conversation is flowing in a serious and useful channel, never disturb it by an ill-timed jest.

In remarks on absent people, say nothing that you would not say if they were present. " I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back."

This is a golden rule, the observance of which would, at one stroke, banish flattery and defamation from the earth.

THE CHAMELEON AND THE PORCUPINE.

A CHAMELEON once met a porcupine and complained that he had taken great pains to make friends with everybody, but, strange to say, he had entirely failed and now he could not be sure that he had a sincere friend in the world.

"And by what means," said the porcupine, "have you sought to make friends?" "By flattery," said the chameleon. "I have adapted myself to all I met; humored the follies and foibles of everyone. In order to make people believe that I liked them, I have imitated their manners, as if I considered them models of perfection. So far have I gone in this that it has become a habit with me, and now my very skin takes the hue and complexion of the things that happens to be nearest. Yet all this has been in vain, for everybody calls me a turn-coat, and I am generally considered selfish, hypocritical and base."

"And no doubt you deserve all this,'" said the porcupine. "I have taken a different course, but I must confess that I have as few friends as you. I adopted the rule to resent every injury, nay, every encroachment on my dignity. I would allow no one even to touch me without sticking into him one or more of my sharp quills. I determined to take care of Number One, and the result has been that, while I have vindicated my rights, I have created a universal dislike. I am called Old Touch-Me-Not, and if I am not as much despised,

I am even more disliked than you, Sir Chameleon."

An Owl, who was sitting by and heard this conversation, putting his head a little on one side, remarked as follows: "Your experience ought to teach two valuable lessons. One is that the world looks upon the flatterer with contempt and aversion, because he seeks to secure some selfish object by making dupes of others; and the other is that he who resents every little trespass upon his rights and feelings, is sure to be shunned and dreaded by all who are acquainted with his disposition.

"You, Sir Chameleon, ought to know by this time that honest candor is far better than deceitful flattery. And you, Neighbor Porcupine, ought never to forget that good humor is a better defence than an armory of poisoned quills."

From "THE ROSEBUD"

MAN'S STATE.

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.

SHAKESPEARE.

(*King Henry Eighth. Act III, Sc. 2*)

"*One bad sheep mars a whole flock*" This is a trite truth and a proverb among several nations. It admonishes us of the danger of associating with those who are vicious; such society is like an infectious distemper and therefore ought to be most carefully and industriously avoided.

"*It is good to make hay while the sun shines.*" This proverb is a great encouragement to virtue and goodness. It teaches us to let no time escape us, without serving and doing good to ourselves and our neighbors. It calls upon us to be ever active and vigorous and particularly to let no good opportunity that is presented pass by unimproved for doing a duty to ourselves or others.

"*When the steed is stolen, shut the stable door.*" This proverb intimates that it is highly imprudent to neglect weighing all the circumstances of an action, both as to time and to place, before we venture upon doing what perhaps we may repent of afterwards. When the event is over, we are as wise as experience can make us. Almost all the miscarriages of mankind are for want of thought. After-wit is commonly dearly bought, and we pay for it either with misfortune, anxiety or sorrow. After a misfortune has happened to us for want of precaution and foresight, an afterthought may enhance our troubles, but cannot relieve our distress. It may prevent a like inconvenience for the future, but cannot make any satisfaction for what is past.

"*He steals a goose and gives the giblets in alms.*" This proverb points at those who, by acts of injustice, oppression and fraud, amass to themselves large estates and think to atone for their rapine by doing some charitable acts, while they are alive, or leaving their property to endow hospitals or almshouses, after their death. Such donations are commendable when made in a truly Christian spirit, but the opinions of those we allude to are highly disparaging to the justice of Providence.

From "THE ROSEBUD"

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS.

A FABLE.

An old man had many sons, who were often quarreling with one another. When the father had exerted his authority and used other means to reconcile them, but all to no purpose, he at last had recourse to this expedient: He ordered his sons to be called before him and a short bundle of sticks to be brought; then commanded them each to try, if with all his might and strength he could break it. They all tried, but to no purpose; for the sticks being closely and compactly bound up together, it was impossible for the force of man to do it.

After this, the father ordered the bundle to be untied and gave a single stick to each of his sons, at the same time bidding him try to break it. They all did this with great ease, upon which the

father addressed them to this effect: "O, my sons, behold the power of union! For if you would but keep yourselves strictly joined in the bonds of friendship, as the sticks united in one bundle, it would not be in the power of any mortal to hurt you, but when once the ties of brotherly affection are dissolved, how soon you become exposed to every injurious hand that assaults you."

MORAL:

UNION IS STRENGTH.

IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING AND OBSERVING GOOD RULES OF BEHAVIOUR.

If we look carefully into the history of great and good men, we shall find in almost all cases that in early life they have been subjected to the influence of wholesome rules of conduct.

There is not in the pages of human biography a character more worthy of admiration than that of Washington. If the secret of his greatness were to be expressed in a single word, that word would be *self-control*. It was because he could govern himself that he had the power to govern others. He could put aside his own selfishness and beat down his own passions; and thus he was left to act without those temptations which draw the mind and heart aside from truth and duty, as iron often makes the needle swerve from the polar star.

How did he acquire this art of self-government?

He had, no doubt, the early guidance and counsel of a wise mother, and he had the grace and good sense to listen to her instructions. But, besides this, his biographer tells us that, in looking over his papers, he finds, in Washington's handwriting, a series of *Rules of Behaviour*, written at the age of thirteen and preserved, of course, through his whole life. These rules are indeed excellent, and seem to be fitted to form such a character as Washington's really was. Who can doubt that this is one of the secrets of his greatness?

In English history, there are few names more worthy of respect than that of Sir Philip Sidney. He was born in 1554 and enjoyed various places of trust. In every situation he acquitted himself with credit. Such was his reputation that he was offered the vacant crown of Poland; but the Queen, Elizabeth, would not consent, remarking that England ought not to part with the jewel of the times. His death, by a wound at the Battle of Zutphen, in 1586, was deeply mourned in England and even King James, the successor of Elizabeth, condescended to write his epitaph.

A brief anecdote shows at least one trait in the character of this great and good man. As he lay bleeding on the field of battle and was going to take a bottle of wine which his attendants had procured to refresh him, he saw a wounded soldier carried by, who cast a longing glance at the wine. He instantly ordered it to be given to the soldier, saying: "Take it, thy need is greater than mine."

As in the case of Washington, we find that Sir Philip Sidney had the advantage of excellent written rules of conduct. The following letter addressed to him when a boy by his father, Sir Henry Sidney, a distinguished English statesman, was no doubt often perused and reverently observed. It displays singular good sense and is beautifully written in the simple English of the olden time. It is alike worthy of attention from the wisdom it displays and from the light it affords as to the state of our language nearly three centuries ago.

"I have received two letters from you, the one in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part; and will you to exercise that practice of learning often, for it will stand you in stead, in that profession of life which you were born to live in; and now, since this is the first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to, with you, to follow as documents to you in this tender age.

"Let the first action be the lifting up of your hands and mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer with continual meditations and thinking of him to whom you pray; and use this at an ordinary or particular hour, whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that thing which you are accustomed to do in that time.

"Apply your study in such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the

time, I know, he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning and safe for your health; and mark the sense and manner of that you read, as well as the words; so shall you both enrich your tongue with words and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow, as you advance in age.

"Be humble and obedient to your master; for unless you frame yourself to obey, yea, and to feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others to obey you hereafter.

"Be courteous of behaviour and affable to all men, with universality of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing which winneth so much with so little cost.

"Use moderate diet, so as after your meal, you may find your wit fresher and not duller; and your body more lively and not more heavy.

"Use exercise of body; but such as may in no wise endanger your bones or joints; it will increase your strength and enlarge your breath.

"Delight to be cleanly as well in all parts of your body as in your garments; it shall make you graceful in each company and otherwise you will become loathsome.

"Be you rather a hearer and a bearer away of other men's talk than a beginner or procurer of speech; otherwise you will be accounted to delight to hear yourself speak.

"Be modest in all companies and rather be laughed at by light fellows for maiden shamefulness than of your sober friends for pert boldness.

"Think upon every word you will speak before you utter it; and remember how nature hath, as it were, rampired up the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips; and all betoken reins and bridle to the restraining of the use of that member.

"Above all things, tell no untruth; no, not in trifles; the custom of it is naught. And let it not satisfy you that the hearers for a time take it for a truth, for afterwards it will be known, as it is to shame, and there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar.

"Study, and endeavor yourself to be virtuously occupied; so shall you make such a habit of well doing, as you shall not know how to do evil, even though you would.

"Remember, my son, the honorable blood you are descended from, on your mother's side; and think that only, by a good life and virtuous actions, you may be an ornament to your illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you will be esteemed labes generis (a stain on your family) which is one of the greatest curses that can happen to a man.

"Well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and I fear too much for you, at this time; but yet, if I find that this light meat of digestion do nourish anything the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same growing stronger, feed it with tougher food. Farewell. Your mother and I send you our blessing; and may God grant you His; nourish you with His fear, guide

you with His grace, and make you a good servant to your prince and country."

From GOODRICH'S FIFTH READER.

NO LONGER MOURN FOR ME.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on you then should make you woe.
Or, if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

SHAKESPEARE . . *Sonnet LXXI.*

FILIAL DUTY.

"HONOR thy father and thy mother" is the first commandment with promise. The honor which children are required to give to their parents includes in it love, reverence, obedience and relief, if needed. From them they have received their very existence and consequently all the pleasures and enjoyments of life.

The occasion which demands from children the greatest tokens of respect and tenderness in

their behaviour to their parents, is when they labor under infirmities of body or mind and in the time of extreme old age.

"Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of declining age,
With lenient arts extend a parent's breath,
Make languor smile and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile a parent from the sky."

From "THE ROSEBUD."

"Honor thy father and thy mother" stands written among the three laws of most revered righteousness. AESCHYLUS. (*525—456 B.C.*)

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us—rest; thou art weary and worn—"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay:
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. (*1777—1844*)

TOM PINCH'S JOURNEY TO LONDON.

IT MIGHT have confused a less modest man than Tom Pinch to find himself sitting next that coachman, for of all the swells that ever flourished a whip professionally, he might have been elected emperor. He didn't handle his gloves like another man, but put them on . . . even when he was standing on the pavement, quite detached from the coach . . . as if the four grays were, somehow or other, at the ends of his fingers.

It was the same with his hat. He did things with his hat which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses and the wildest freedom of the road could ever have made him perfect in. Valuable little parcels were brought to him with particular instructions, and he pitched them into this hat and stuck it on again, as if the laws of gravity did not admit of such an event as its being knocked off or blown off, and nothing like an accident could befall it.

The guard, too! Seventy breezy miles a day were written in his very whiskers. His manners were a canter; his conversation a round trot. He was a fast coach upon a down-hill turnpike road; he was all pace. A waggon couldn't have moved slowly, with that guard and his key-bugle on the top of it.

These were all foreshadowings of London, Tom thought, as he sat upon the box and looked about him. Such a coachman and such a guard never could have existed between Salisbury and any other place. The coach was none of your steady-going, yokel coaches, but a swaggering, rakish, dissipated London coach; up all night and lying by all day and leading a devil of a life. It cared no more for Salisbury than if it had been a hamlet. It rattled noisily through the best streets, defied the Cathedral, took the worst corners sharpest, went cutting in everywhere, making everything get out of its way; and spun along the open country road, blowing a lively defiance out of its key-bugle, as its last glad parting legacy.

It was a charming evening. Mild and bright. And even with the weight upon his mind which arose out of the immensity and uncertainty of London, Tom could not resist the captivating sense of rapid motion through the pleasant air. The four greys skimmed along as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high spirits as the greys; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brasswork on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

Yoho, past hedges, gates and trees; past cottages and barns and people going home from work. Yoho, past donkey-chaises, drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little watercourse, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yoho, by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial-grounds about them, where the graves are green and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosoms of the dead. Yoho, past streams in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow; past paddock-fences, farms and rick-yards; past last year's stacks, cut slice by slice away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yoho,

down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water, splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho! Yoho!

Yoho, among the gathering shades; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same, as if the light of London fifty miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Yoho, beside the village green, where cricket-players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat or wicket or player's foot, sheds out its perfume on the night.

Away with four fresh horses from the Bald-faced Stag, where topers congregate about the door, admiring; and the last team with traces hanging loose go roaming off towards the pond, until observed and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue them. Now, with a clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, away, into the wold. Yoho!

See the bright moon! High up before we know it; making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps and flourishing young slips have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak; trembling does not

become *him;* and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness, without the motion of a twig. The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass like some fantastic dowager; while our own ghostly likeness travels on. Yoho! Yoho! through ditch and brake, upon the ploughed land and the smooth, along the steep hillside and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom hunter.

Clouds, too, and a mist upon the hollow, not a dull fog that hides it, but a light, airy gauze-like mist, which in our eyes of modest admiration gives a new charm to the beauties it is spread before, as real gauze has done ere now, and would again, so please you, though we were the Pope.

Yoho! Why now, we travel like the moon herself, hiding this minute in a grove of trees, next minute in a patch of vapor; emerging now upon our broad clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on; our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho! A match against the moon! Yoho! Yoho!

The beauty of the night is hardly felt when day comes leaping up. Yoho! Two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho! Past market gardens, rows of houses, villas, terraces and squares; past wagons, coaches and carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape, and in among the rattling pavements, where a

jaunty seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve. Yoho! Down countless turnings and through countless mazy ways, until an old inn-yard is gained and Tom Pinch, getting down quite stunned and giddy, is in London!

CHARLES DICKENS. (*1812—1870*)
(*From Martin Chuzzlewitt*)

CARVING A NAME.

I wrote my name upon the sand,
  And trusted it would stand for aye;
But soon, alas! the refluent sea
  Had washed my feeble lines away.

I carved my name upon the wood,
  And after years returned again;
I missed the shadow of the tree
  That stretched of old upon the plain.

To solid marble next my name
  I gave as a perpetual trust;
An earthquake rent it to its base,
  And now it lies o'erlaid with dust.

All these have failed. In wiser mood
  I turn and ask myself, "What then?
If I would have my name endure,
  I'll write it on the hearts of men.

In characters of living light,
  From kindly words and actions wrought;
And these beyond the reach of Time,
  Shall live immortal as my thought."

HORATIO ALGER. (*1834—1899*)

(Horatio Alger wrote more than 50 books in a series describing the lives of self-supporting boys. Among these *Ragged Dick*, *Tattered Tom* and *Luck and Pluck* were the most popular. "Carving A Name," printed above, is one of his few ventures into the realm of verse.)

THE VEILED PICTURE.

A STORY is told of two artist lovers, both of whom sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. The question which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both having come finally to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could paint the best. So each strove for the maiden with the highest skill his genius could command.

One painted a picture of fruit and displayed it to the father's inspection in a beautiful grove, where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the birds came down to the canvas of the young painter and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill, the father declared that no one could triumph over that.

Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture and it was veiled. "Take the veil from your painting," said the old man. "I leave that to you," said the young artist, with simple modesty. The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture and attempted to uncover it. But imagine his astonishment, when,

as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the veil itself to be the picture!

We need not say who was the lucky lover; for if the artist who deceived the birds by his skill manifested great powers of art, he who could so veil his canvas with the pencil as to deceive a skilful master was surely the greater artist.

ANONYMOUS

REFLECTIONS AND MORAL MAXIMS.

We have all sufficient strength to endure the misfortunes of others.

We are never so happy or so unhappy as we suppose.

We need greater virtues to sustain good than evil fortune.

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits.

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not exactly displeasing.

The true way to be deceived is to think oneself more knowing than others.

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.

FRANCIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. (*1613—1680*)

A SHAKESPEAREAN ALPHABET

All the world's a stage. (AS YOU LIKE IT. *Act II, Sc. 7*)

Brevity is the soul of wit. (HAMLET. *Act II, Sc. 2*)

Cowards die many times before their deaths. (JULIUS CAESAR. *Act II, Sc. 2*)

Double, double, toil and trouble. (MACBETH. *Act IV, Sc. 1*)

Eating the bitter bread of banishment. (K. RICHARD II. *Act III, Sc. 1*)

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears. (JULIUS CAESAR. *Act III, Sc. 2*)

Give you a reason on compulsion? If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion. (K. HENRY IV. *Part I, Act II, Sc. 4*)

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny. (MERCHANT OF VENICE. *Act II, Sc. 9*)

I am Sir Oracle. When I ope my lips, let no dog bark. (MERCHANT OF VENICE. *Act I, Sc. 1*)

Journeys end in lovers' meeting. (TWELFTH NIGHT. *Act II, Sc. 3*)

King? Ay, every inch a king. (KING LEAR. *Act IV, Sc. 6*)

Let still the woman take an elder than herself. (TWELFTH NIGHT. *Act II, Sc. 4*)

Methought I heard a voice cry: "Sleep no more." (MACBETH. *Act II, Sc. 1*)

Night's candles are burnt out. (ROMEO AND JULIET. *Act III, Sc. 5*)

O, my prophetic soul, mine uncle! (HAMLET. *Act I, Sc. 5*)

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings! (KING HENRY *VI. Part III, Act III, Sc. 3*)

Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine. (MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. *Act II, Sc. 2*)

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. (HAMLET. *Act I, Sc. 5*)
Sweet are the uses of adversity. (AS YOU LIKE IT. *Act II, Sc. 1*)
The course of true love never did run smooth. MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. *Act I, Sc. 1*)
Under the greenwood tree, who loves to lie with me? (AS YOU LIKE IT. *Act I, Sc. 1*)
Vex not his ghost. (KING LEAR. *Act V, Sc. 3*)
We are such stuff as dreams are made on. (TEMPEST. *Act IV, Sc. 1*)
Your heart's desires be with you! (AS YOU LIKE IT. *Act I, Sc. 2*)
Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words. (KING JOHN. *Act II, Sc. 2*)

Compiled by HERMA CLARK

ROBERT EMMETT'S SPEECH FROM THE DOCK

THIS heroic young man was one of the leaders in the Irish rebellion of 1803. He was the son of a noted physician, possessed a handsome fortune, was highly educated and endowed with uncommon genius.

Having been seized and brought to trial and knowing that his fate was decided, he sought not to save his life, but to shelter his name and fame from after infamy. The following is the closing part of his address to the court:

"Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could engage in any cause but

that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks my views; from which no inference can be tortured to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, or humiliation, or treachery from abroad.

"I would not have submitted to a foreign invader, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemies should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights and my country her independence, to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent and repel it? No; God forbid.

"If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life—oh! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son and see if I have for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind and for which I am now ready to offer up my life.

"My lords, you seem impatient for the sacri-

fice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors with which you surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven.

"Be yet patient. I have but a few more words to say; I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me; and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world; it is the charity of its silence.

"Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dares now to vindicate them, let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity, and let my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done."

In allusion to his last request, "the charity of the world's silence," the poet Moore thus beautifully mourns his fate:

"O, breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid—
Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence
it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he
sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS IN RHYME.

(*See Exodus XX*)

1. Thou shalt have no more gods but me,
2. Before no idol bend the knee,
3. Take not the name of God in vain,
4. Nor dare the Sabbath day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honor due;
6. Take heed that thou no murder do;
7. Abstain from thoughts and words unclean,
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean;
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it;
10. What is thy neighbor's, do not covet.

(The above is from "SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME", a volume of moral and religious verse for children, copyright 1852 by the American Tract Society.)

ON A LADY'S WRITING.

Her even lines her steady temper show,
Neat as her dress and polished as her brow;
Strong as her judgment, easy as her air;

Correct, though free, and regular, though fair;
And the same graces o'er her pen preside
That form her manners and her footsteps guide.

(*From* "THE ROSEBUD")

AGAINST ANGER.

GUARD against the improper indulgence of anger. The evil of giving way to hasty and violent resentments is always great and sometimes irretrievable. You thereby deprive yourself for a time of the power of regulating your own conduct, while yet you must be responsible for all its consequences; for neither common-sense, nor conscience, the law of God, nor the law of man, excuses a bad action because it has been performed in a paroxysm of passion.

TAXATION.

IT WOULD be the height of madness in America, to run into another naval war with this country (Great Britain) if it could be averted by any other means than a sacrifice of proper dignity and character. They have comparatively, no land revenue; and in spite of the *Franklin* and *Guerriere*, though lined with cedar and mounted with brass cannon, they must soon be reduced to the state from which they were so opportunely extricated by the treaty of Ghent.

David Porter and Stephen Decatur are very brave men; but they will prove an unspeakable

misfortune to their country if they inflame Jonathan into a love of naval glory and inspire him with any other love of war than that which is founded upon a determination not to submit to serious insult and injury.

We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory; taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot . . . taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste . . . taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion . . . taxes on everything in earth and the waters under the earth . . . on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home.

Taxes on the raw material . . . taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man . . . taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug which restores him to health . . . on the ermine which decorates the judge and the rope which hangs the criminal . . . on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice . . . on the brass nails of the coffin and the ribbons of the bride . . . at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top . . . the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road: . . . and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent, into a spoon which has paid 15 per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid 22 per cent, makes his will on an

eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of an hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death.

His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers, to be taxed no more.

In addition to all this, the habit of dealing with large sums will make the government avaricious and profuse; and the system will infallibly generate the base vermin of spies and informers and a still more pestilent race of political tools and retainers of the meanest and most odious description; while the prodigious patronage which the collecting of this splendid revenue will throw into the hands of government will invest it with so vast an influence and hold out such means and temptations to corruption, as all the virtue and honesty even of republicans, will be unable to resist.

Every wise Jonathan should remember this, when he sees the rabble huzzaing at the heels of a naval or military hero, or inflaming the vanity of any popular leader, whose justification shall lower the character of their government with all the civilized nations of the world.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH. (*1769—1845*)

(The above is from "A Review of Seybert's Annals of the United States, 1820." Published in the Edinburgh Review. Sydney Smith an English

Clergyman, was one of the famous wits of his time.)

SPEAKING.

THINK before you speak; think before whom you speak; think why you speak; think what you speak.

THE ARSENAL.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
  Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
  Startles the villages with strange alarms.
Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
  When the Death-Angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
  Will mingle with their awful symphonies!
I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
  The cries of agony, the endless groan, . . .
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
  In long reverberations reach our own.
The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
  The shout, that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,
  The wail of famine in beleagured towns!
The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
  The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
  The diapason of the cannonade.
Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
  With such accursed instruments as these,

Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?
Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. (*1807—1882*)

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.

In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment, and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity. Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently, too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." "He who remains in the mill grinds, but not he who goes and comes."

Attend to your business; never trust to another. "A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled." Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot, will make a pot-lid." "Save the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." Be abstemious. "Who dainties love shall beggars prove." Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry." "Plow deep, while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep."

Treat every man with respect and civility. "Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." "Good manners insure success."

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor; especially, never place dependence upon becoming a possessor of an inheritance. "He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go a long time barefoot." "He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race."

Above all things, never despair. "God is where He was. He helps those who truly trust in Him."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (*1706—1790*)

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go, but go alone the while,
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

SIR WALTER SCOTT (*1771—1832*)

J. Hayter J. C. McRae

THE PET DOVE.

MODESTY.

A MODEST little violet once grew by the side of a flaunting nightshade. This latter flower was in full bloom and, proud of its splendor, could not forbear looking down with contempt upon its humble neighbor; at the same time, it spoke as follows:

"Pray, what are you doing down there, my poor neighbor Violet? It seems to me that you must have a dull time of it, living such an humble life as you do. It is quite different with me. Do you observe my proud leaves and splendid blossoms? It is really delightful to possess such rare beauty and to be conscious of the power to extort admiration from all we meet. How hard it must be to dwell in obscurity and be treated with indifference or scorn!"

"Nay, neighbor Nightshade," said the violet in reply, "do not trouble yourself on my account. However humble my lot may be, I am at least content. Though I have not your splendor, and cannot expect to dazzle the eyes of anybody, still I have the power by my perfume to afford gratification to those who are fond of simple pleasures; and, if I can do no great good, I am also incapable of doing harm.

"You are, doubtless, very splendid; but I am told that you have a mischievous disposition and poison those who come within your reach. If, therefore, I cannot imitate your magnificence, I have at least the advantage of being innocent."

While the two flowers thus communed with

each other, a mother with her two children chanced to be passing by. The children both noticed the nightshade and were about to pluck its blossoms when the lady told them to beware. "That flower," said she, "though beautiful to the sight, is a deadly poison.

"Remember, my children, that what is beautiful to view, is often dangerous to the touch. Do you see that little violet, modestly crouching at the side of the gorgeous nightshade? To my mind, it is much the more pleasing of the two; for it is not only very pretty, but it has a sweet breath and is perfectly harmless. Let this little scene be a lesson to you. When you see anyone who is either rich or beautiful, and who is yet unkind, ungenerous or wicked, remember the deadly nightshade. When you see one who is innocent, pure and true, though humble and poor, remember the fragrant, but unpretending, violet."

Adapted from NORTHCOTE.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

And wherefore do the poor complain?
The rich man asked of me—
Come, walk abroad with me, I said,
And I will answer thee.

It was evening and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold;
And we were wrapped and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bareheaded man,
His locks were few and white;
I asked him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

It was bitter keen, indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young barefooted child,
And she begged loud and bold;
I asked her what she did abroad,
When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick in bed;
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.

I asked her why she loitered there,
When the wind it was so chill;—
She turned her head and bade the child
That screamed behind be still.

She told us that her husband served
A soldier far away;
And therefore to her parish, she
Was begging back her way.

I turned me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he;
You asked me why the poor complain,
And *these* have answered thee.

SOUTHEY.

HUMANITY.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will turn aside and let the reptile live.
The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else, they are all, the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who, in his sovereign wisdom, made them all.

WILLIAM COWPER. (*1731—1800*)

Cowper, English poet, whose name is pronounced Cooper, was one of the chief literary men of his day. The humorous poem, "*John Gilpin*" is his.

SWEARING.

THERE is something so low, coarse, and wicked in swearing, that it is surprising that men who

wish to be considered as wise and polite, should ever be found in the habit of it. It is a vice to which there is no temptation and one of those sins that are called *presumptuous*. Swearing is not only reprobated by the laws of good taste and good manners, but forbidden by the commandment of God. He who makes use of oaths, would seem to tell us that his bare word is not to be taken. *From* "THE ROSEBUD"

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seekst thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere—
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. (*1794—1878*)

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rang the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee:
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
  Should sink beneath the wave!
Her thunders shook the mighty deep
  And there should be her grave;
Nail to her mast her holy flag,
  Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
  The lightning and the gale.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. (*1809—1894*)

(*Written in reference to the proposed breaking-up of the famous U. S. Frigate Constitution. Holmes' poem, written September 16, 1830, saved the ship and it may now be seen in Boston Harbor.*

NAMES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT BOOKS IN RHYME.

The great Jehovah speaks to us,
In *Genesis* and *Exodus;*
Leviticus and *Numbers* see,
Followed by *Deuteronomy.*
Joshua and *Judges* sway the land,
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand;
Samuel and numerous *Kings* appear,
Whose *Chronicles* so great we hear.
Ezra and *Nehemiah* now,
Esther, the beauteous mourner show;
Job speaks in sighs; David in *Psalms;*
The *Proverbs* teach to scatter alms.

Ecclesiastes then comes on
And the sweet *Song of Solomon*
Isaiah, *Jeremiah*, then
With *Lamentations* takes his pen.
Ezekiel's, *Daniel's*, *Hosea's* lyres
Swell *Joel's*, *Amos*, *Obadiah's*.
Next *Jonah*, *Micah*, *Nahum* come
And lofty *Habakkuk* finds room;
While *Zephaniah Haggai* calls,
Rapt *Zechariah* builds his walls;
And *Malachi*, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament.

(*From* "SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME," *a volume of moral and religious verse*, *copyright 1852 by The American Tract Society*.)

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

As YOU value the approbation of Heaven, or the shame of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and consistent. Ingenuousness and candor possess the most powerful charm; they bespeak universal favor and carry an apology for almost every failing. "The lips of truth shall be established forever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment." The path of truth is a plain and safe path; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop.

One artifice unavoidably leads to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you

are left entangled in your own snare. Deceit covers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct. It is the resource of one who wants courage to avow his designs, or to rest upon himself; whereas openness of character displays that generous boldness which ought to distinguish youth.

From "THE ROSEBUD"

SHORTNESS OF TIME.

REMEMBER that time is short. Should your life be protracted to the period of old age, you will say, at its close, that it was only "as a watch of the night, as a dream when one awaketh."

AFTER BLENHEIM.

It was on a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother, Peterkin,
Roll something large and round,
Which he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh:
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now, tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries,
While little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes.
"Now, tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,
" Who put the French to rout,
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to lay his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted, far and wide,
And many a nursing mother then
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be,
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies there
Lay rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

" Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our young prince, Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing,"
Said little Wilhelmine.
" Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
" It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
" But what good came of it, at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a glorious victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY (*1774—1843*)

EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

AT DAYBREAK, More was awoke by the entrance of Sir Thomas Pope, who had come to confirm his

anticipations, and to tell him it was the king's pleasure that he should suffer at nine o'clock that morning. He received the news with utter composure. "I am much bounden to the king," he said, "for the benefits and honors he has bestowed on me; and so help me God, most of all I am bounden to him, that it pleaseth his majesty to rid me so shortly out of the miseries of this present world."

Pope told him the king desired that he would not "use many words on the scaffold". "Mr. Pope," he answered, "you do well to give me warning, for otherwise I had purposed somewhat to have spoken; but no matter wherewith his grace should have cause to be offended. Howbeit, whatever I intended, I shall obey his highness's command."

He afterward discussed the arrangements for the funeral, at which he begged that his family might be present; and when all was settled, Pope rose to leave him. He was an old friend; he took More's hand and wrung it, and, quite overcome, burst into tears. "Quiet yourself, Mr. Pope," More said, "and be not discomfited; for I trust we shall once see each other full merrily, when we shall live and love together in eternal bliss."

As soon as he was alone, he dressed in his most elaborate costume. It was for the benefit, he said, of the executioner, who was to do him so great a service. Sir William Kingston remonstrated, and with some difficulty induced him to put on a plainer suit; but that his intended

liberality should not fail, he sent the man a gold angel in compensation, "as a token that he maliced him nothing, but rather, loved him extremely."

So, about nine of the clock, he was brought by the lieutenant out of the Tower; his beard being long, which fashion he had never before used, his face pale and lean, carrying in his hands a red cross, casting his eyes often toward heaven. He had been unpopular as a judge, and one or two persons in the crowd were insolent to him; but the distance was short and soon over, as all else was nearly over now.

The scaffold had been awkwardly erected, and shook, as he placed his foot upon the ladder. "See me safe up," he said to Kingston; "for my coming down, I can shift for myself." He began to speak to the people, but the sheriff begged him not to proceed; and he contented himself with asking for their prayers and desiring them to bear witness for him that he died in the faith of the Holy Catholic Church, and a faithful servant of God and the king.

He then repeated the second Psalm on his knees; and when he had ended and had risen, the executioner, with an emotion which promised ill for the manner in which his part of the tragedy would be accomplished, begged his forgiveness. More kissed him: "Thou art to do me the greatest benefit that I can receive," he said. "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry for saving of thine honesty."

The executioner offered to tie his eyes. "I will cover them myself," he said; and, binding them in a cloth which he had brought with him, he knelt and laid his head upon the block. The fatal stroke was about to fall, when he signed for a moment's delay, while he moved aside his beard. "Pity that should be cut!" he murmured; "that has not committed treason." With which strange words, the strangest, perhaps, ever uttered at such a time, the lips most famous through Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed forever.

"So," concludes his biographer, "with alacrity and spiritual joy he received the fatal ax, which no sooner had severed the head from the body, but his soul was carried by angels into everlasting glory, where a crown of martyrdom was placed upon him, which can never fade nor decay; and then he found those words true which he had often spoken, that a man may lose his head and have no harm."

This was the execution of Sir Thomas More, an act which sounded out into the far corners of the earth, and was the world's wonder, as well for the circumstances under which it was perpetrated, as for the preternatural composure with which it was borne.

Something of his calmness may have been due to his natural temperament, something to an unaffected weariness of a world which, in his eyes, was plunging into the ruin of the latter days. But those hues of sunny cheerfulness caught their color from the simplicity of his faith;

and never was there a Christian's victory over death more grandly evidenced that in that last scene, lighted with its lambent humor.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (*1818—1894*)

MARK how fleeting and paltry is the estate of man—yesterday in embryo, tomorrow a mummy or ashes. So, for the hair's-breadth of time assigned to thee live rationally, and part with life cheerfully, as drops the ripe olive, extolling the season that bore it and the tree that matured it.

MARCUS AURELIUS (*121—180 A.D.*)

I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING

You think I have a merry heart
  Because my songs are gay,
But oh! they all were taught to me
  By friends now far away.
The bird will breathe her silver note
  Though bondage binds her wing—
But is her song a happy one?
  I'm saddest when I sing!

I heard them first in that sweet home
  I never more shall see,
And now each song of joy has got
  A mournful turn for me.
Alas! 'Tis vain in winter time
  To mock the songs of spring,
Each note recalls some withered leaf—
  I'm saddest when I sing!

Of all the friends I used to love,
  My harp remains alone;
Its faithful voice still seems to be
  An echo to my own.
My tears, when I bend over it,
  Will fall upon its string,
Yet those who hear me, little think
  I'm saddest when I sing.

T. H. BARBER

LION, BEAR AND FOX.

A FABLE.

A LION and a Bear meeting with the carcass of a Fawn in the forest, agreed to decide their title to it by force of arms. The battle was severe and tough, on both sides; and they held out, tearing and worrying one another so long, that, what with wounds and fatigue, they were so faint and weary they were not able to strike another blow. Thus, while they lay upon the ground, panting and lolling out their tongues, a Fox chanced to pass that way, who, perceiving how the case stood, impudently stepped in between them, seized the booty, which they had been all this while contending for, and carried it off.

The two combatants, who lay and beheld all this, without having strength enough to stir and prevent it, were only wise enough to make this reflection: "Behold the fruits of our strife and contention! That villain, the Fox, bears away the

prize; and we ourselves have deprived each other of the power to recover it of him."

MORAL.

When fools quarrel, knaves get the prize of contention.

THE OLD KNIGHT AND HIS GRAY PERUKE.

A CERTAIN knight, growing old, his hair fell off so fast that he soon became bald; so he was forced to buy a wig to cover his bare head. But one day, as he was riding out a-hunting with some of his friends, they met with a sudden burst of wind, and off fell his hat on one side and his large gray wig on the other.

Those who were with him could not help laughing at the odd figure he made; and, for his part, being a hearty old knight, he laughed as loud as the rest of them. "Ha! ha! ha!" said he to them. "How could I expect to keep other people's hair on my head, when I could not persuade my own to stay there?"

The surest way to turn off the edge of a joke, is to join in the laugh yourself, whereas, if you resent it, your ill-humor will only serve to heighten the jest, and feed the mirth of the bystanders.

From "THE ROSEBUD"

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

(SIR JOHN MOORE was a British general in the Peninsular War. Deserted by his Spanish allies,

he was obliged to retreat to Corunna, where the British troops were attacked by the French, as they were embarking, and Sir John was killed, January 16, 1809. He was buried in the citadel at night. The Reverend Charles Wolfe, author of the poem and a clergyman of the Church of England, died in early life and wrote nothing else of importance. Byron said of "BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE" that he would rather be the author of it than of any other ever written.)

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
  As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
  O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
  The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
  And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
  Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
  With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
  And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
And we steadfastly gazed on the face of our dead,
  And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
  And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
    his head,
  And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
  And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on
  In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
  When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we knew by the distant and random gun
  That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone;
  But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE. (*1791—1823*)

IGNORANT LAUGHTER.

A GENTLEMAN of grave deportment was busily engaged in blowing bubbles of soap and water and was attentively observing them, as they expanded and burst in the sunshine. A pert youth fell into a fit of loud laughter at a sight so strange, and which showed, as he thought, such folly and insanity.

"Be ashamed, young man," said one who passed by, "of your rudeness and ignorance. You now behold the greatest philosopher of the age—Sir Isaac Newton—investigating the nature of light and colors, by a series of experiments no less curious than useful, though you deem them childish and insignificant."

From "THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT"

THE RELIGIOUS VIEWS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

It seems to be generally admitted that the proof of his final acceptance with God was much increased in his last days and hours. Though he had so much to endear him to life, so fair a prospect of reward for years devoted to the public service, and of domestic comfort in his Marshfield paradise, which he had been adorning for a quarter of a century; and though he wished for a longer stay upon earth, that he might write a book on Christianity, which he had contemplated for several years, still he met the king of terrors with calmness, having previously executed his will, and having given minute directions as to his burial. On the last subject, he spoke as follows:

"I wish to be buried without the least show or ostentation; but in a manner respectful to my neighbors, whose kindness has contributed so much to the happiness of me and mine, and for whose prosperity I offer sincere prayers to God."

On Sunday evening, October the tenth, or a fortnight before he departed this life, he desired a friend, who was sitting with him, to read to him the passage in the ninth chapter of St. Mark's Gospel, where the man brings his child to Jesus to be cured, and the Saviour tells him, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth; and straightway the father of the child cried out with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." "Now," he continued, "turn to

the tenth chapter of St. John, and read from the verse where it is said, 'Many of the Jews believed on him.' "

After this, he dictated a few lines and directed them to be signed with his name, and dated, Sunday evening, October 10, 1852. "This," he then added, "is the inscription to be placed on my monument." A few days later on the 15th, he recurred to the same subject, and revised and corrected with his own hand what he had earlier dictated, so as to make the whole read as follows:

"LORD, I BELIEVE:
HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF"
PHILOSOPHICAL ARGUMENT,
ESPECIALLY THAT DRAWN FROM
THE VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE IN
COMPARISON WITH THE APPARENT INSIG-
NIFICANCE OF THIS GLOBE, HAS SOMETIMES
SHAKEN MY REASON FOR THE FAITH WHICH IS
IN 'ME; BUT MY HEART HAS ALWAYS ASSURED
AND REASSURED ME THAT THE GOSPEL OF
JESUS CHRIST MUST BE A DIVINE REALITY.
THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT CANNOT
BE A MERELY HUMAN PRODUCTION.
THIS BELIEF ENTERS INTO THE
VERY DEPTH OF MY CONSCIENCE.
THE WHOLE HISTORY
OF MAN PROVES IT.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

(From a long article, of the same title, by Reverend Luther Farnham, a former pastor of Daniel Webster, printed in a volume called "THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT" . . . undated.)

ODE TO AN INFANT SON.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop, first let me kiss away that tear!)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow and unsoiled by sin;
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents; (Hang the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey

From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble! . . . that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are these torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
He's got a knife!

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk!
He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south,

(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove;
(I tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

THOMAS HOOD. (*1798—1845*)

(Hood, whose "Song of the Shirt" is one of his best-known poems, was chiefly distinguished as a humorous poet.)

BRITISH REFUGEES.

(EXTRACT from a speech delivered in the Legislature of Virginia, in favor of permitting the British refugees, or those who had joined the English party in the War of Independence, to return to the United States.)

We have, Mr. Chairman, an extensive country without population. What can be a more obvious policy, than that this country ought to be peopled? *People* form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up, by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these states rapidly ascending to that rank, which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth. Cast your eyes over this extensive country. Observe the salubrity of your climate; the variety and fertility of your soil; and see that soil intersected in every quarter by bold, navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of heaven were marking out the course of your settlements,

inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth.

Sir, you are destined at some period or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people: the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations, and at some distant period, lingering on through a long and sickly minority, subjected meanwhile to the machinations, insults and oppression of enemies, foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them; or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope, single-handed, with the proudest oppressor of the world.

If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration; encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the old world to come and settle in the land of promise. Make it the home of the skillful, the fortunate, and the happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed. Fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven has placed in your power; and I venture to prophesy that there are now those living, who will see this favored land among the most powerful on earth; able to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, they will see her great in arts and in arms; her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent; her commerce penetrating the

most distant seas; and her cannon silencing the vain boast of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britian, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wonderfully, and most woefully have they suffered the punishment due to their offenses. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country are now changed. Their king has acknowledged our independence. The quarrel is over. Peace has returned and found us a free people.

Let us have the magnanimity to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. They are an enterprising, moneyed people. They will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands and supplying us with necessaries during the infant state of our manufacturers. Even if they be inimical to us, in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, to making them tributary to our advantage.

And, as I have no prejudices to prevent my making use of them, so I have no fear of any mischief they can do us. Afraid of *them!* What, sir, shall we, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps?*

PATRICK HENRY. (*1736—1799*)

(*Patrick Henry, American statesman and orator, became the protagonist of the colonial cause in the*

South through his speech against the Stamp Act in the Virginia Burgesses in 1765, when he made the bold utterance, "If this be treason, make the most of it." His famous "Give me liberty or give me death" speech was delivered before the second Virginia convention held in Richmond March 23, 1775, when he moved that the colony be armed. He served as governor of Virginia during 1776-1779 and again in 1784. In 1788 he was the chief agent in securing the amendments which constitute the Bill of Rights to the Constitution.)

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast;
A wish that she hardly dared to own
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane:
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid;
And ask a draught from the spring that flowed,
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
At her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed!"

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying and wondered whether
The clouds in the west would bring foul weather.
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!
He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat;
I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day;
And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back, as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er has it been my lot to meet;

And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;
No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues;
But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold;
So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone;
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old lovetune;
And the young girl mused bedside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power;
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.
And the proud man sighed, with secret pain,
"Ah! that I were free again!
Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door;
But care and sorrow and wasting pain
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again,
She saw a rider draw his rein,
And gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinet turned;
The tallow candle an astral burned;
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law;
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only: "It might have been!"

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!
God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. (*1807—1892*)

(*"Maud Muller", once one of the most parodied poems ever written by an American, is seldom read now, but it belongs rightfully in a "Victorian Keepsake."*)

CONTRASTED SOLILOQUIES.

"ALAS!" exclaimed a silver-headed sage, "how narrow is the utmost extent of human science! how circumscribed the sphere of human exertion! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge, but how little do I know! The further I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature, the more I am bewildered and benighted. Beyond a certain limit, all is but confusion or conjecture; so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant consists chiefly in having ascertained how *little* is to be known.

"It is true that I can measure the sun, and compute the distances of the planets; I can calculate their periodical movements, and even ascertain the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions; but with regard to their construction, and the beings which inhabit them, what do I know more than the clown?

"Delighting to examine the economy of nature in our own world, I have analyzed the elements, and have given names to their component parts. And yet, should I not be as much at a loss to explain the burning of fire, or to account for the

liquid quality of water, as the vulgar, who use and enjoy them without thought or examination?

"I remark that all bodies, unsupported, fall to the ground; and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation. But what have I gained here more than a *term?* Does it convey to my mind any idea of the *nature* of that mysterious and invisible chain which draws all things to a common center? I observe the *effect*, I give a name to the cause, but can I explain or comprehend it?

"Pursuing the track of the naturalist, I have learned to distinguish the *animal*, *vegetable*, and *mineral* kingdoms; and to divide these into their distinct tribes and families; but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives its vitality? Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the exquisite pencil that paints and fringes the flower of the field? Have I ever detected the secret that gives their brilliant dye to the ruby and the emerald, or the art that enamels the delicate shell?

"I observe the sagacity of animals. I call it *instinct*, and speculate upon the various degrees of approximation to the reason of man. But, after all, I know as little of the cogitations of the brute as he does of mine. When I see a flight of birds overhead, performing their evolutions, or steering their course to some distant settlement, their signals and cries are as unintelligible to me as to the unlettered rustic. I understand as little of their laws as they do of Blackstone's Commentaries.

"But, leaving the material creation, my thoughts have often ascended to loftier subjects, and indulged in metaphysical speculation. And here while I easily perceive in myself the two distinct qualities of matter and mind, I am baffled in every attempt to comprehend their mutual dependence and mysterious connection. When my hand moves in obedience to my will, have I the most distant conception of the manner in which the volition is either communicated or understood? Thus, in the exercise of one of the most simple and ordinary actions, I am perplexed and confounded, if I attempt to account for it.

"Again, how many years of my life were devoted to the acquisition of those languages by the means of which I might explore the records of remote ages, and become familiar with the learning and literature of other times! And what have I gathered from these but the mortifying fact that man has ever been struggling with his own impotence, and vainly endeavoring to overleap the bounds which limit his anxious inquiries!

"Alas! then, what have I gained by my laborious researches, but a humbling conviction of my weakness and ignorance! How little has man, at his best estate, of which to boast! What folly in him to glory in his contracted power, or to value himself upon his imperfect acquisitions!"

"Well," exclaimed a young lady just returned from school, "my education is at last finished! Indeed, it would be strange if, after five years' hard application, anything were left incomplete.

Happily, that is all over now; and I have nothing to do but to exercise my various accomplishments.

"Let me see! As to French, I am complete mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. Italian I can read with ease, and pronounce very well; as well, at least, as any of my friends; and that is all one need wish in Italian. Music I have learned till I am perfectly sick of it. But now that we have a grand piano, it will be delightful to play, when we have company; I must still continue to practice a little; the only thing, I think, that I need now to improve myself in. And then there are my Italian songs which everybody allows I sing with taste; and as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

"My drawings are universally admired; especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful, certainly; beside this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments. And then, my dancing and waltzing, in which our master himself owned that he could take me no further; just the figure for it, certainly; it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

"As to common things, geography and history, and poetry and philosophy; thank my stars, I have got through them all! so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also, thoroughly well informed. Well, to be sure, how much I have fagged through! The only wonder is, that one head can contain it all!"

JANE TAYLOR. (*1783—1824*)

(Jane Taylor and her sister Ann . . . the latter Mrs. Josiah Gilbert . . . were English women, writers of verse for children, and it may be said that their first published volume, "Original Poems for Infant Minds," marked a new era in children's books. Quaint as they seem to us to-day, these poems were much more suited to children's taste than what had preceded them.

Many of the poems written by Ann Taylor have been attributed to Jane, who seems the better known of the two, but Ann wrote many verses which were quite as popular. Her "A Notorious Glutton" is a fit companion piece to Donald Duck.)

A NOTORIOUS GLUTTON.

A duck, who had got such a habit of stuffing,
That all the day long she was panting and puffing,
And by every creature who did her great crop see
Was thought to be galloping fast for a dropsy.

One day, after eating a plentiful dinner,
With full twice as much as there should have been in her,
While up to her forehead still greedily roking,
Was greatly alarmed by the symptoms of choking.

Now, there was an old fellow, much famed for discerning,
(A drake, who had taken a liking for learning,)
And, high in repute with his feathery friends,
Was called Dr. Drake: for this doctor she sends.

In a hole of the dung-hill was Dr. Drake's shop,
Where he kept a few simples for curing the crop;
Small pebbles, and two or three different gravels,
With certain famed plants he had found in his travels.

So, taking a handful of suitable things,
And brushing his topple and pluming his wings,
And putting his feathers in apple-pie order,
He went to prescribe for the lady's disorder.

"Dear sir," said the duck, with a delicate quack,
Just turning a little way round on her back,
And leaning her head on a stone in the yard,
"My case, Dr. Drake, is exceedingly hard.

"I feel so distended with wind, and opprest,
So squeamish and faint, such a load at my chest;
And day after day, I assure you, it *is* hard,
To suffer with patience these pains in my gizzard."

"Give me leave," said the Doctor, with medical look,
As her cold, flabby claw in his fingers he took;
"By the feel of your pulse, your complaint I've been thinking,
Must surely be owing to eating and drinking."

"O, no, sir, believe me," the lady replied
(Alarmed for her stomach, as well as her pride).
"I'm sure it arises from nothing I eat,
But I rather suspect I got wet in my feet.

"I've only been raking a bit in the gutter,
Where cook has been pouring some cold melted butter,
And a slice of green cabbage, and scraps of cold meat,
Just a trifle or two, that I thought I could eat."

The Doctor was just to his business proceeding,
By gentle emetics, a blister and bleeding,
When all on a sudden she rolled on her side,
Gave a terrible quack, and a struggle, and died!

Her remains were interred in a neighboring swamp,
By her friends, with a great deal of funeral pomp;
But I've heard this inscription her tombstone displayed:
"Here poor Mrs. Duck, the great glutton, is laid";
And all the young ducklings are brought by their friends,
There to learn the disgrace in which gluttony ends.

ANN TAYLOR.

THE COW AND THE ASS.

Beside a green meadow, a stream used to flow,
So clear, one might see the white pebbles below;
To this cooling brook, the warm cattle would stray,
To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed by the heat of the sun,
Came here to refresh, as she often had done,
And standing quite still, stooping over the stream,
Was musing, perhaps; or, perhaps, she might dream.

But soon, a brown ass, of respectable look,
Came trotting up, also, to taste of the brook,
And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass:
"How d'ye do?" said the cow; "How d'ye do?" said the ass.

"Take a seat," said the cow, gently waving her hand;
"By *no* means, dear madam," said he, "while *you* stand."
Then, stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,
"Ma'am, your health," said the ass: "Thank you, sir," said the cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been passed,
They laid themselves down on the herbage at last;
And waiting politely (as gentlemen must)
The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first.

Then, with a deep sigh, she directly began,
"Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by Man?
'Tis a subject which lies with a weight on my mind:
We really are greatly oppressed by mankind.

"Pray, what is the reason (I see none at all)
That I always must go, when Jane chooses to call?
Whatever I'm doing ('tis certainly hard)
I'm forced to leave off, to be milked in the yard.

"I've no will of my own, but must do as they please,
And give them my milk, to make butter and cheese;
Sometimes I endeavor to kick down the pail,
Or give her a box on the ear with my tail."

"But, Ma'am," said the ass, "not presuming to teach—
Oh, dear, I beg pardon—pray finish your speech;
Excuse my mistake," said the complaisant swain,
"Go on, and I'll not interrupt you again."

"Why, sir, I was just then about to observe,
Those hard-hearted tyrants no longer I'll serve;
But leave them forever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese."

Ass waited a moment, his answer to scan,
And then, "Not presuming to teach," he began,
"Permit me to say, since my thoughts you invite,
I always saw things in a different light.

"That you afford Man an important supply,
No ass in his senses would ever deny;
But then, in return, 'tis but fair to allow,
They are of *some* service to you, Mistress Cow.

"'Tis their pleasant meadow, in which you repose,
And they find you a shelter from winterly snows.
For comforts like these, we're indebted to Man;
And for him, in return, should do all that we can."

The cow, upon this, cast her eyes on the grass,
Not pleased to be schooled in this way, by an ass;
"Yet" said she to herself, "though he's not very bright,
I really believe that the fellow is right."

JANE TAYLOR.

FORBEARANCE.

All that is good and great in the universe is on the side of clemency and mercy. If we look into the history of mankind, we shall find that in every age, those who have been respected as worthy have been distinguished for this virtue.

Revenge dwells in little minds; a noble and magnanimous spirit is superior to it. Collected within itself, it stands unmoved by the impotent assaults of enemies; and with generous pity, rather than with anger, looks down on their unworthy conduct.

Anger and revenge are uneasy passions; hence, says Seed, "it appears that the command of loving your enemies, which has been thought a hard saying, and impossible to be fulfilled, is really no more, when resolved into its first principles, than bidding us to be at peace with ourselves, which we cannot be, so long as we continue at enmity with others."

From "THE ROSEBUD"

ST. PAUL ON REVENGE.

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather, give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.

ROMANS *12:20*

COLLOQUIAL POWERS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

NEVER have I known such a fireside companion. Great as he was, both as a statesman and a philosopher, he never shone in a light more winning, than when he was seen in a domestic circle. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him, at the house of a private gentleman, in the back part of Pennsylvania, and we were confined to the house during the whole of that time by the unintermitting constancy and depth of the snows. But confinement never could be felt where Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring.

When I speak, however, of his colloquial powers, I do not mean to awaken any notion analagous to that which Boswell has given us of Johnson. The conversation of the latter continually reminds one of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." It was indeed a perpetual contest for victory, or an arbitrary or despotic exaction of homage to his superior talents. It was strong, acute, prompt, splendid, and vociferous; as loud, stormy, and sublime as those winds which he represents as shaking the Hebrides, and rocking the old castle which frowned on the dark-rolling sea beneath.

But one gets tired of storms, however sublime they may be, and longs for the more orderly current of nature. Of Franklin, no one ever became tired. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine in anything which came from him.

There was nothing which made any demand upon either your allegiance or your admiration. His manner was unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plainness and simplicity put you at once at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of your faculties. His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid. They only required a medium of vision like his pure and simple style, to exhibit to the highest advantage their native radiance and beauty.

His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the effect of a systematic and salutary exercise of the mind, as of its superior organization. His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional coruscations; but, without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse. Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, with his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius forever clear and unclouded.

And then, the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant that nothing had escaped his observation; and a judgment so solid, that every incident was turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been, all his life, a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and by the force

of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he has added a hundred fold to their original values, and justly made them his own.

WILLIAM WIRT. (*1772—1834*)

(*William Wirt, born in Maryland, was a lawyer and assisted the Attorney General of the United States at the trial of Aaron Burr for treason. He was the author of a Life of Patrick Henry.*)

FRANKLIN'S MORAL CODE.

THE following list of moral virtues was drawn up by Franklin for the regulation of his life:

Temperance. Eat not to dullness, drink not to elevation.

Silence. Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Order. Let all things have their place; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolution. Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

Frugality. Make no expense, but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

Industry. Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary action.

Sincerity. Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

Justice. Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

Moderation. Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

Cleanliness. Tolerate no uncleanliness in body, clothes, or habitation.

Tranquility. Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

SOLITUDE.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most doth please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE. (*1688—1744*)